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Rev. N. L. Frothingham
No 3 of Summer St

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY

DORCHESTER AND WEST ROXBURY,

WITH THE

EXERCISES AT THE CONSECRATION,

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1852.

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., 111 WASHINGTON ST.

1852.

DUTTON & WENTWORTH, PRINTERS, 37 CONGRESS STREET.

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MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

Impressed with the imperative necessity of providing against the increasing evils resulting from the practice of burying the dead within the limits of this populous city, a number of gentlemen, about a year since, united their efforts, and entered into a plan for procuring a commodious tract of land in the immediate vicinity—which, while its situation should be conveniently near to the inhabitants of the metropolis, might, at the same time, possess all the requisites and attractions of a Rural Cemetery.

Such a spot, after diligent research, was found lying upon the borders of our two neighboring towns, Dorchester and West Roxbury. It comprised an area of eighty-five acres—a space more than tenfold greater than the aggregate contents of all the grounds in Boston that have been used as places of sepulture for the last two and a quarter centuries. This spot, for its natural beauties, its combined readiness of access, and complete seclusion from the busy world, recommended itself at once, as presenting every desirable property in reference to the object in view. Negotiations with the several owners of the land were therefore opened forthwith; and the result is, the purchase of the whole tract, at a fair valuation. Having been fully paid for, it is now secured by the most undoubted title, and has become the undisputed and unquestionable domain of the corporation of Mount Hope Cemetery.

The subject of preventing and remedying the continued perils and pernicious effects of intramural interments, had long occupied the earnest attention of our municipal government. In 1850, the then mayor, Mr. Bigelow, in an address to the city council, after having alluded to the fact that more than 5000 deaths had occurred in Boston within the preceding year,

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strongly urged "the necessity of making early and adequate provisions, beyond the boundaries of the city, for the burial of the dead." "Every one of our cemeteries," he remarked, "is already full, to an extent which, in a greater or less degree, is prejudicial to the public health."

Acting upon this suggestion, a joint special committee, appointed by the city government, made a critical inspection of every suitable site for the contemplated purpose, within reasonable distance from the city. The grounds now constituting Mount Hope Cemetery excited their most favorable consideration, and would have commanded their ultimate preference. Some difference of views, however, in regard to certain details connected with the subject, led to the conclusion that the desired object might be more successfully accomplished if left to individual enterprise, and its subsequent concerns confided to the control of an association of shareholders, personally interested in the promotion and continued duration of the undertaking, and duly organized under the perpetually binding provisions of our State laws.

In strict conformity with the requirements of the Revised Statutes, this company was regularly incorporated in the year 1851—on the 10th of November in which year it elected its first board of officers, as follows: Hon. John H. Wilkins, President; Francis O. Watts, Esq., Treasurer; Owen G. Peabody, Esq., Clerk; and Messrs. B. T. Loring, J. K. Porter, S. H. Jenks, E. H. Holbrook, and Wm. Brown, Directors. A code of appropriate by-laws for the guidance of the members, a system of suitable regulations for the management of the grounds, and all the requisite forms for the legal conveyance and protection of family lots, &c., have been framed and adopted. In fine, every measure has been carefully and advisedly taken, for establishing the Cemetery on the most secure, permanent, and satisfactory basis, and for its unchangeable occupancy as a sacred home for the dead "until time shall be no more!"

Already, this extensive field of "the great teacher" exhibits striking indications of its admirable fitness for the mournfully

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interesting purpose to which it is devoted. Numerous family lots have been selected and enclosed, and several early graves have received their tenants. Its forest-tracts, densely filled with noble evergreens—its hill-tops "crowned with closed wood"—its rocky clefts and secluded dells, with running streams and living springs—its expanded lawns and gently swelling slopes, clothed in brilliant verdure,—have been everywhere intersected by capacious avenues, branching alleys, and romantic pathways. Under the plastic hand of Mr. Haggerston, the tasteful and scientific superintendent, these charming improvements have sprung forth as it were by magic; and the whole territory now presents a spectacle of varied natural beauty, blended with harmonious combinations of artistic skill, surpassed by few if any similar spots in New England.

The ceremony of consecrating these grounds, and thereby placing a permanent seal upon their character and destination, took place on the 24th of June, 1852, in the midst of a delightful grove near the centre of the Cemetery, under the open sky, and in presence of a numerous and deeply-interested auditory. The exercises on that occasion were eminently impressive, affecting, and worthy of remembrance. The narrative which herein follows, will, it is trusted, carry with it no small portion of the religious feeling which pervaded the assembled participants in those solemnities. May it contribute to foster and preserve corresponding sentiments of veneration through all successive ages!

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ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE

CONSECRATION OF MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY

IN

DORCHESTER AND WEST ROXBURY,

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1852.

VOLUNTARY, BY THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, BY HON. JOHN H. WILKINS,
PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION.

INVOCATION, BY REV. DANIEL SHARP, D. D.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE, BY REV. JAMES H. MEANS.

ORIGINAL HYMN—BY HON. GEO. LUNT—CHOIR,
WITH ACCOMPANIMENT BY THE BAND.

ADDRESS, BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

CHORAL—M. LUTHER—BY THE BAND.

PRAYER, BY REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

POEM, BY EPES SARGENT, ESQ.

SELECTED HYMN—PEABODY—CHOIR,
WITH ACCOMPANIMENT BY THE BAND.

BENEDICTION, BY REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW.

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VOLUNTARY,

BY THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND.

PRAYER FROM DER FREISCHUTZ—WEBER.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

BY HON. JOHN H. WILKINS, BOSTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Before proceeding to the more interesting and important exercises of the occasion, it has been made my official duty to ask your indulgence while I offer a few introductory remarks.

Within comparatively a short period, great and important changes have taken place in the public sentiment, here and elsewhere, in relation to intramural interments, or interments in the close and confined atmosphere of a city. In both the old country and the new, the current of opinion is setting strongly against the practice, and very justly, on account of public health and individual comfort.

But independent of sentiment and feeling upon the matter, the confined and cramped condition of the city of Boston imposes upon its inhabitants the almost absolute necessity of looking beyond its municipal bounds for accommodations for interment.

With a view to meeting an imperative public want, the cemetery of Mount Auburn was established. That enterprise has been eminently successful, and, to a certain extent, has met the demands of a great public exigency. But the high cost of lots in that enclosure, and the expense of passing to and from it,

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over a toll bridge, with carriages, many or few, has prevented, and will continue to prevent, many of our citizens from availing themselves of its advantages.

The city of Boston, in its municipal capacity, has sorely felt the need of an enlarged and convenient burying-place out of the city; and it has on several occasions taken initiatory steps towards its attainment. On one occasion, the Mayor and several members of the City Government visited *this* spot for the purpose of judging of its capability and appropriateness to this purpose, and I believe but one sentiment existed among the visitors as to its suitableness.

But municipal bodies move slow. The incumbents of the government are often changed. The interests of the *living* so press upon their time and means, that the administrators of government can scarcely give a thought to the *dead.*

But it seems as if the city of Boston could not defer, much longer, attention to this matter. The old graveyards are full and closed. The only ones in which interments are still made, (except in tombs,) are at South Boston and East Boston,—the latter (a small enclosure) being mainly relied upon; and this can be reached only by crossing a ferry, entailing often delay, always expense. And inconvenient and expensive as its approach is, it can afford the necessary accommodation but for a very few years.

The proprietors of this enclosure, therefore, feel that they are addressing themselves to a great public and private want, in dedicating it to the purpose of a burial-place. They claim for the enterprise a public exigency, almost a public *necessity.* They invite you to inspect the grounds, to notice their characteristics,—in some parts swelling into gentle acclivities, and in others depressed into moderate valleys, here the eye resting upon the verdure of the green sward, and there upon the dense and luxuriant foliage of the groves; thus presenting all the variety in surface and natural garniture which is so gratifying to good judgment and taste. And all this is within moderate distance from the city, approachable without the expense of tolls, the lots laid out with taste and convenience, and offered

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at prices so low as to bring them within the means of all who are in circumstances above absolute poverty.

I speak of this enterprise as one satisfying a want both public and private. In the early periods of our history, the public and private interest in a church-yard were much the same thing. Families had a portion set apart, as it were, for their special use. Go into a country burying-ground: you will find that clusters of tombstones bear the same name. Individuals of the same family, from generation to generation, repose in the immediate vicinity of the parent stock, so that the whole *public* cemetery is little more than the aggregate of *private* lots. But such things cannot take place in our city. Whoever occupies a grave in our city burying-place, must know no antecedent and no consequent. He must take the space allotted, and, in general, no friend or relative will be able to separate his resting-place from that of his fellow-occupants. From the necessity of the case, an undistinguished and undistinguishable excavation must hold the mortal remains of those friendless ones whom the city inters, and of whom the survivors would sometimes gladly mark the resting-place.

That such is the fact is to be regretted; but in this utilitarian age I hardly know how it can be helped, except by appealing to a wholesome sentiment which certainly exists in the breasts of all, and thus inducing our fellow-citizens to secure a final resting-place for themselves and families, distinct and guarded from the intrusion of others, and which they may adorn with monumental or other memorials, according to their taste and ability.

The wholesome sentiment to which I allude as being universal, is that which separates a community into families, and families into apartments. Every one, as it were instinctively, seeks a place that he may call his own, and where he may be free from unwelcome intrusion. Every one yearns for such a condition while living; and he cannot without sadness anticipate the deprivation of it even in the grave.

The working of this sentiment is beautifully portrayed in the ancient and sacred records of the Old Testament. When Sarah the wife of Abraham died, Abraham spoke thus to the sons of

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Heth: "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, and said unto him, Hear us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead: none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but thou mayest bury thy dead. And Abraham communed with them saying, Entreat for me to Ephron that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, for as much money as it is worth, for a *possession* of a burying-place. And Ephron answered Abraham, Nay, my lord, the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; bury thy dead. And Abraham spake unto Ephron, saying, I will give thee money for the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead there. And Ephron answered Abraham, The land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead. And Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant, and the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were *made sure* to Abraham for a possession. And after this, Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah, before Mamre. And the field, and the cave that is therein, were made sure to Abraham for a possession of a burying-place, by the sons of Heth."

And it is recorded, that after Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, had blessed his children before he died in Egypt, he charged them and said unto them, "I am to be gathered to my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron, for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah."

Though Abraham was urged to bury his dead in the choice of the sepulchres of the people, he was unwilling to share with

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others a common grave. And when still farther urged to accept gratuitously the field and cave for a burying-place, he still declined, and would be content with nothing short of actual purchase of the field and the cave, and all the trees that were in the field, and in all the borders round about, in order that they might *be made sure to him for a possession.*

The sentiment here depicted is common to our nature; it works more or less effectively in every breast. Its tone is manly, and its legitimate fruits are beneficial to the public. While, therefore, the proprietors address themselves to an universal sentiment, and to a pressing want, they indulge the hope and the expectation, that their enterprise may receive a liberal share of the public favor.

INVOCATION,

BY REV. DANIEL SHARP, D. D., BOSTON.

Almighty God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and the Maker of our frames, by whose care and goodness we live and move and have our being, and who at death dost permit man's spirit to return to thee, and his body to find a resting-place in the grave; we thank thee, that, in the progress of events, the thoughts of the present generation have been occupied with that "one event which happeneth to all." As we must bury our dead, we are grateful, that, instead of interring them near the crowded dwellings of human beings, the din of business, and the noise of earthly voices, there have been provided for them, "the calm retreat and the silent shade."

O Lord, blessed with such a retreat, we come to-day to consecrate the ground around us a place of undisturbed repose for the Dead. May those, who shall be buried here, rest in peace until the Trumpet shall sound, and the righteous dead shall awake to an immortal and glorious life.

We consecrate this burial-place to the sympathies of humanity,—to the tears of bereaved love, and the remembrances of friendship. We consecrate it to sober thoughts,—to pious musings,—to holy resolutions,—to faith's anticipations.

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We pray, O God, that these grounds may never be desecrated by scenes of levity and thoughtless joy. May those who come hither, suitably recollect the last counsels, the last expressions of affection, the last warnings and encouragements which came from the lips of their departed relatives and friends,—and when they return from their communings with the dead, may they know, that, "by the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better."

Father of the fatherless; God of the widow, and friend of the friendless; who canst cause good to come out of evil, and canst turn our darkness into day; accept, we beseech thee, of this our Consecration, and hear with favor our supplications.

May the services of this hour; the song of holy praise; the grave teachings of thy servant, and the sentiments which shall be addressed to us in measured and harmonious numbers, with the humble prayer, be well pleasing to thee, and profitable to us.

These blessings we ask in the name of Him, who is the Resurrection and the Life,—to whom, be glory everlasting. Amen.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE,

BY REV. JAMES H. MEANS, DORCHESTER.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth; are not his days also as the days of an hireling?

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern: then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

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I know that thou wilt bring me to death, unto the house appointed for all living.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest: There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

If a man die, shall he live again?

Shall the dead arise, and praise thee? Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark, and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

All that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. Oh death, I will be thy plagues; oh grave, I will be thy destruction.

I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and tho' after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

My flesh also shall rest in hope. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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ORIGINAL HYMN,

BY HON. GEORGE LUNT, BOSTON.

TUNE—LADOGA.

How oft, beneath this sacred shade,
  Encompassed by the earth's green breast,
Shall many a weary head be laid,
  And wandering hearts find peaceful rest.

Each opening leaf and flower shall bring
  Memorials of their higher birth,
And whispering breezes o'er them sing
  Some requiem for the lost of earth.

And still, while rolls the circling year,
  Shall weeded lingerers oft be found,
To trace love's gentle records here,
  And haste to deck the hallowed ground.

If earth were all,—how sad to leave
  What never, never can return,—
But oh, if opening Heaven receive,
  How vain the parted shade to mourn!

But here, while days on days repeat
  The annals of each coming race,
May FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, forever meet,
  To crown and bless the sylvan place.

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ADDRESS,

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, BOSTON.

Christian Burial.

Not with any uncharitable or superstitious meaning, not to forbid any sect, nor to forestall any mystic malediction, but in the natural, religious spirit of the place and its uses, we have come out to set this field apart for Christian Burial. We separate it, not from the admission of disciples of any creed, or citizens of any country; but from profane intrusion and vulgar publicity. We would reserve and secure, not only by tasteful enclosures, but by these ceremonies of worship, the retirement and sanctity of the spot. We would hallow it, as the possession and resting-place of beloved kindred, venerated friends, respected strangers, human brothers. We dedicate it, in the faith of Jesus Christ our Lord, who has brought immortality to light. We consecrate it by prayers to the Father of the living and the dead,—Himself living forevermore.

In cheerful obedience to one of the best promptings of a refined and elevated sentiment, you, gentlemen, have offered this fresh encouragement to the growing custom of rural interments. I shall not violate the beauty of this scene,—itself the gift of a renovated taste,—I will not offend the purity of this unpolluted air, nor mar a service devoted to more spiritual meditations, with any revolting recitals of the horrors of intramural burials. I will not recall to you the abominations of the Campo

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Santo, the disgusting disclosures of the Parisian and London sextons, the shocking statistics lately laid before Parliament touching the graveyards in English cities, nor the similar defilements that have already threatened to stain the history of some of our American municipalities. Here, where every association betokens a better day, and where every sight and sound, from the open arch of radiant heavens, to the vesper melody of the wood thrush in the thicket, witnesses to a more humane thoughtfulness,—we will pass these barbarous abuses by. It is enough that they are vanishing; that the hour is past when arguments are needed against a usage repugnant to all that is tender in human breasts; that we are beholding to-day a new and graceful pledge of this advance of Christian feeling. Here, the sensibilities of mourners, bringing out their precious burdens,—earth to earth,—shall not suffer an aggravation of their bereavement in the careless intrusion of unsympathizing crowds. Here, there shall be no clanging beat of the world's fierce march, nor clamor of its traffic, nor laugh of its folly, nor ostentation of its vanity, nor loud gossip of its trampling caravans, to mock the sleeper's rest. Here, when weeping eyes look into the open chamber of death, no unsightly dilapidations, nor rude invasions of tombs, shall interrupt the memory of that new tomb that was hewn out of a rock in the garden of Joseph,—broken only by a Saviour's resurrection, to let in, on our darkness, the dayspring of an immortal hope. And when, in those sad days of solitude that follow the last look of love, the bereaved shall come out to comfort the dreary hours by a sorrowful communion with the dust that is still dear,—bringing fragrant flowers as the first Christian women brought spices and perfume to the sepulchre of their Lord,—they shall seek their dead among no undistin-

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guishable and disordered heaps, nor find the sacrament of friendship profaned by heartless curiosity. They can be alone with the bitterness that only each heart knoweth for itself, and the stranger cannot intermeddle with; alone with Him who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ. Here there is both the favoring opportunity, and the secret invitation, to *be still* and know that your Father is God.

This lot is to be no *Necropolis*, or *city* of the dead,—but their country rest,—their natural, forest home,—their open sanctuary, free to all the winds of heaven, and all the influences of the sky. We will hold it, therefore, under none of the old titles, tainted with the odors of unbelief in a Life hereafter. We will not call it, with the Egyptians, a place of "Eternal Habitations," because the Christian's only everlasting tabernacles are those "not built with hands eternal in the heavens." The prophetic faith even of the half-instructed Hebrews, catching a beam of truth from the later revelation they waited for, named their burial-places "Homes of the Living." I like the name chosen by the Moravian brethren, "Fields of Peace,"—fit designation for the final halting-ground of their quiet, affectionate lives;—and that of the Germans, "God's Harvest-Field." Our own word "Cemetery," is Christian; for it means literally a sleeping-place,—and so is justified by that touching announcement from Jesus, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." And when you add to this, "Mount Hope," lifting the thoughts upward, and bringing in that grand central idea of Christianity, whose sisters, in the apostolic enumeration of the three-fold band, are Faith and Charity, you not only adopt a style most suited to the spot, but you suggest the most appropriate theme for this service of consecration.

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"Mount Hope Cemetery!" Each word is charged with a worthy significance. In the "sleeping-place," there is hid a silent prediction of a morning, and a "waking out of sleep." The "Mount" is a symbol of steadfastness and exaltation,—both attributes of a believer's "Hope,"—and, by its inspired associations with Tabor and Moriah, Olivet and Sinai, Lebanon and Zion, carries our devotions up with the Psalmist's, and we "look unto the hills from whence cometh our help." One of the spiritual writers of the Church has said: "Hope alone is the light by which we, sad-featured dwellers among tombs, can find our way. For hope reconciles us to life, and makes death pleasant. Hope clasps the cross, and yearns onward for the crown. Hope begets good works, consecrates hearts, purifies the fleshly temples of the spirit, and tastes of heaven." If art were to devise some motto and legend that should gather up and concentrate all the reigning spirit of this spot, it should be the image of that forward-reaching and upward-looking angel, and the writing of inspiration under it,—"Looking for that blessed Hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ." For it is not of our hopes that we here make burial, as heathen might. We only commit them to the heavenly Treasury; we drop them into the parental, creative Bosom; we sow them, that, under the genial sunlight of the promise, we may reap their ripened fulfilment in the resurrection of the spirit.

There is something quite in harmony with the loftier teachings of our religion in the more vigilant care exercised for the mortal remains of the deceased, illustrated in these chaste embellishments. It rebukes that indelicate economy which, in many of our New England villages, used to appropriate only some bleak and barren bank of

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sand, resigned to the dead because unprofitable to the living. Sharply as Christ drew the distinction between the ascending spirit and the perishing flesh, he never despised reverential tributes to the human body. Did he not graciously accept the costly anointing of Mary, because she did it for his burial? It is by an instinctive craving of nature that we desire the grave to be not only the last, but an undisturbed, an inalienable possession. A pious affection in the survivors must defend the enclosures whose title-deeds and acres the decaying hands cannot protect for themselves. We may not shudder with the dread of hostile inroads; we may feel no fears that, as has sometimes happened in the wars and sieges of the past, the lead upon our coffins will be wrenched off and melted into bullets to sow death for a second harvest; that our shrouds will be burnt for fuel or torches, as those of ancient oriental princes are, by modern Arabs; that our tombs will be turned into stables for cavalry, as the old Egyptian crypts have been; that "mummy" will again "become merchandise," as "Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." But shall we not carry our solicitude beyond the bare securities of repose? Shall we not rather so call about the grave persuasive monitors to virtue, and so multiply the voiceless preachers of Christian hope,—that every visit to it shall uplift and expand the soul,—making it truer for duty, more patient for endurance? In older times, it was a practice to lead out the youths of royal families to gaze on the monuments of their ancestors, and be inspired there to emulate their heroism. By a holier right, every look of our children on the ridges and headstones of Mount Hope ought to yield a confession and a prayer. And thus, as in other countries it has been an observance for every passenger to perpetuate and enlarge the mound

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that marks a grave, by casting one more stone upon the sepulchral pile, let us see to it that, in a field like this, there is a corresponding, ever-widening growth of moral sanctity, from the sobered mind and wiser heart of all that linger in its avenues.

Centuries of Christian history have not wholly conformed our customs to the character of the simple and animating faith we profess. Some shadows from the pagan night have left their gloomy bars across our Christian day. If we reject the despairing creed of a pitiless fate; if we believe, as we pretend, that to the disciple death is but the beckoning of a Divine hand towards infinite joy; that a sinless, emancipated future is to be preferred before a halting and failing present; then the badges of a comfortless despondency should not be the universal clothing of our burial-service, and never the accompaniments of the funerals of the good,—those "pure in heart," who die only the sooner to see God. It has been related that, in the simplicity of the youthful church, many heathen workmen about the cemeteries were first converted to the Gospel by the astonishing spectacle of a new class of mourners,—who came out to deposit their dead with contented faces,—looked into the graves as if they were gates of the morning,—called death a refreshing trance, and spoke of the enviable companies who had escaped tribulation to be with Christ. Mourning without hope was never a part of the good confession. So far back as the time of Chrysostom and Augustine, those great teachers remonstrated against complaining tones in the songs at funerals. It is well, my friends, if any gentle provisions of ours, like the opening of these rural groves, can soften the asperities of sorrow. Let the cheerful solemnity of the sky overhang the beds of the departed. Let the bright countenance of the sun look

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down upon them. Let the consolations of the flowers,—

> "Floral apostles that, with dewy splendor,
> Weep without woe and blush without a crime,—

offer their benediction. Let storm and thunder peal the grand "Gloria in excelsis" from their sublime organs of the air. Let the innocent living creatures come near, to sing their inarticulate, plaintive hymns,—the orchestral "*misereres*" of the forest. You have noticed how soon, in the cemeteries which only a few years have been set apart from violence, the hunted birds and animals seem to have caught the secret of the kindly regulation which wards off the sportsman, and so have clustered in from the frequent alarms outside, to people the spot where no terrifying weapons can follow, rewarding, by that beautiful confidence, the protection of the place. I have sometimes thought we might discover, in this slight token of mutual friendliness between the tamed creatures and the tamed passions of men, an illustration how deep the spiritual foundation lies of that ancient prophecy, that when Christ's reconciling temper really makes its advent into society, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the little child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice, and they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy mountain.

On the stones that shall be raised along these paths and terraces, there will be inscribed tributes of esteem, and earnest lamentations of affection. Let no utterances of heathenish despair, no unbelieving resentments, no voices of selfish and inconsolable distress, mingle with the Christian submission of these epitaphs. Write on these tablets of a Christian burial-place, none but Christian words, elegies of a Christian grief. Among the graves of Mount Hope, let there be no records of hopeless anguish. One of the gloomiest tokens of the emptiness

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of all worldly gaiety, fashion, and power, is in the uniform tone of faithless despondency among the inscriptions of Pere la Chaise,—itself a sadder monument than any in the field. French vivacity and genius have found no serene thoughts to chisel on the splendid marbles of rank and fame. But go from Paris to Rome; read the epitaphs of those first Christians, who worshipped and suffered martyrdom in the catacombs. They were cut by unlettered gravers, on rough rocks, with rude instruments, in subterranean chambers, where converted sand-diggers nursed the early church, and where the indomitable confessors of Christ hid from the fierce cruelties of royal persecutors. Often they were scratched in haste, and in the dark; and the ill-spelt plebeian names show how God, as his economy so often is, chose the witnesses of his religion out of lowly places, and made the weak things of the world to confound the wisdom of the mighty. For they have confounded it. When the Cross had triumphed over the Prætorian Eagles, and the despised religion of Nazareth had gone up to sit on the throne of the Cæsars, those humble gravestones were lifted from the shadows of the catacombs into the light, and installed in honored niches among the pomps of the Vatican. There you may read, in impressive contrast with the formal flatteries and inflated threnodies of more artificial days, what phrases men, who stood very near to the Master, thought worthy to be stamped on the sepulchres of their friends. Simple, as the Saviour's beatitudes! Brief, as if a life so sorely straitened by trial had no time for diffuse eulogies! Patient, as if they had lived long enough when they might go home to their God, or when they could shed their blood for Christ,—words actually carved on the tomb of Marius, a young soldier, slain for his faith! No petulant murmurs at their losses and

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separations; no arrogant suspicions of the Providential Mercy; no vengeful anathemas on their murderers!—But such sweet, plain, sublime sentences as these, mostly from evangelists and apostles: "In peace;" "In Christ;" "At rest with God;" "Maximius, friend of all men;" "Gorgonius, enemy of none;" "Our beautiful boy, Ireneus, borne away by angels;" "My husband, faithful unto death;" "A wife, fallen asleep in Jesus;" "To Claudius, the well-deserving, who loved me;" "Victorina sleeps;" "Arethusa, in God;" "Lannæus, Christ's martyr, rests here;" "Petronia, a deacon's wife, the image of modesty. Spare your tears, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives for God." All speak of love and peace, victory and life eternal.

If our own discipline does not move us to something of this ancient resignation, and impress upon the language of our cemeteries something of the grandeur of that strict simplicity, let us go back and at once replenish our faith, and chasten our taste, in that morning air of the church. We will learn from those brave believers how to weep for our dead. But there is hardly a graveyard which does not itself commend to the unperverted heart the true rule of funeral inscriptions. Mixed with high-sounding verses, fulsome compliments, as insulting to the modesty of the dead, perhaps, as they are ineffectual and unfelt to the living, or pedantic quotations from the classics, you meet some of those short but overpowering expressions of submissive sorrow which bring a reverential hush over even a stranger's spirit, and carry a silent intercession to heaven. Hinder indifferent passers-by with no prolix catalogue of the virtues of the departed. Cast not before the careless multitude all the passionate sobs of your personal agony. But if you would write a truly Christian inscription, choose one of the choicest

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lines from the great poets of our English tongue, whose names are to mark these avenues. Better still,—far best of all,—take some of those divine watchwords,—familiar to all Christian veneration, and the more familiar the dearer to the heart,—God's own elegiac inspirations: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;" "I am the resurrection and the life;" "Whoso believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live;" "My peace I leave with you;" "God is love;" "Blessed are they that mourn;" "We are more than conquerors;" "This mortal must put on immortality;" "Now is Christ risen from the dead;" "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" "She hath done what she could;" "Her children rise up and call her blessed;" "Be ye also ready;" "Jacob set a pillar on Rachel's grave;" "Jesus called a little child unto him;" "Is it well with the child? and she answered, It is well;" "Let not your heart be troubled;" "All tears shall be wiped from all eyes;" "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

These are right epitaphs for Christian cemeteries.

Among these graceful groves,—the shafts of God's own planting, and the sculptures of his chiselling,—there will be placed monumental tablets, with forms and faces of various import. Bring no structures that intimate a pagan skepticism; no ambitious shapes, gaudy colors, and gilded letters, to catch the eye of an empty admiration. Borrow no designs from Egyptian or Greek mythology, unless you can find in them a Christian interpretation, or fix upon them a spiritual significance, as our Religion has appropriated to its worship the heathen basilicæ and Roman Pantheon. The believers of the catacombs wrought their sepulchral symbols with an art

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that was baptized into the temper of the Gospel; they carved pictures of love, symbols of reconciliation,—a monogram of the Saviour, a ship at anchor in her haven, a palm-branch and crown, a lamb, a dove, a cross. In all the leafy apartments of this sanctuary of many mansions for the dead, let there be no broken columns, emblems of blighted expectation and frustrated design; no tokens of endless night; no signals of a stoic worship of Destiny. Scatter stimulating proofs that you believe in a risen Lord,—signs of that gentle faith, that even a little child, dying out of arms the first time clasping it, if it has wakened, by its speechless look, one aspiration to the Father, and then gone up into kindred purity,—has not lived in vain, nor died too soon.

Every way, it becomes us to spiritualize our traditionary ceremonials, and put a profounder meaning into the fashions we inherit from nations that knew not Christ. The Athenians bore out children to burial only after the sun had gone down, to spare that rejoicing luminary the untimely spectacle. But we, who live under a sun that never sets, will hide no fact of God's ordaining from the eyes of his day. The loud lamentations and hired weepers, we will supplant with a still submission. Instead of naked feet, let our mourners show sincere and lowly minds; instead of showy garments wrapped about the lifeless corpse,—white linen, best emblem of all our poverty before Him with whom only a meek and quiet spirit has great price. No superstition shall lean to catch the departing breath of the dying, but a reasonable faith preserve whatever ennobling virtue went out from their example. No sulphur and laurel need be burnt to cleanse the house, where the body has rested, of malignant influences; pure lives and graceful charities will dispossess all demons and their enchantments. The dewy

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violets and windflowers, bending over the green sod, shall be our lachrymatories; and for libations of blood or wine, we will sprinkle the fragrant blossoms of June, or plant the perennial graces of the sweet-brier, the woodbine, and the rose.

We look forward, and behold the ever-altering aspects that sorrow will wear, as it enters these gates. Here, beneath the awning of these venerable pines, will lie some more venerable form,—the locks of a spent age parted over the pulseless temples by reverent filial hands. Under yonder oak will sleep some radiant boy,—the blooming promise scarcely faded on his aspiring forehead; and there will be the shrine of how many sisterly and parental sighs! Round the beech a little farther on, a family group will gather at summer-sunsets,—because under the turf is a young girl that died with none dependent on her,—save as love always depends on the presence of the loved,—brought out here one dreadful day with youth's unshrunken roundness in her hand, its love-light hardly quenched in her eyes. By that hillside will be the resort of some desolated household, left to many strifes with poverty and hardship, because the manly strength of a father was struck down by fever in the thick combat of unsuccessful fortunes. In the shady copse will be lowered to its deep couch the hand that early love clung to, trying to keep warm life in it a little longer by the fervor of its prayer. Not far off, some frail and delicate form of woman, who waited for her change with her first-born on her bosom; and a youth will afterwards be led there, to conjecture out of a dim and fading memory the features that vanished before infant eyes had comprehended the mystery of their silence; and elsewhere, close by a mother's grave, the little one that hastened to follow her, as if homesick for the face

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that seemed to bear all Heaven in its tender expression. Over them all, Christ repeats—"In my Father's house are many mansions."

How far death is from being a respecter of persons will be known here. Nature offers her unrivalled adornments, passing Solomon's glory, as freely to the poor whose kindred have to beg decent habiliments for the last office, as to the rich merchants whose freights mingle in the commerce of all the waters that embrace the globe. The old who lived to feel the lightest touch of the watcher's fingers a burden, and the infant that died before it knew the meaning of life,—passing together into the world where the child is mature with the holy wisdom of the skies,—and where aged believers are young with the immortal youth of the heart,—leave their earthly vestures folded under these impartial clods. Injury here sees it too late to supplicate forgiveness. Inhumanity weeps with unavailing pity. Evil examples are wrung with remorse over their perished victims. So learning to number their days, strange indeed if the living did not here apply their hearts unto immortal wisdom. How fast that night cometh wherein no man can work, is told by the columns that will thicken and cluster among the foliage, as plainly as by these lengthening shadows on the grass at your feet. And so the Cemetery comes to represent the three great institutions of our Moral Life: the Family—each separate enclosure preserving the departed kindred "one household still;" the Church—sacred to worship, and dedicated to communion; the School—instilling the purest lessons of Truth.

> "From every grave a thousand virtues rise,
> In shapes of mercy, charity and love,
> To walk the world and bless it. Of every tear
> That sorrowing mortals shed on these green graves
> Some good is born, some gentler nature comes."

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By some of these paths strangers will be buried; those that have brought fragile frames from softer climates to lay them down in ours,—travellers from beyond oceans,—exiles from old oppressions. The accelerating processes of international communication, and the intermingling of continents, will multiply these claimants on your funeral hospitality. Let the dictates of religion join with the impulses of humanity to provide thoughtful services for the foreigner that falls by his way,—

"By strangers buried and by strangers mourned."

Need I speak to you of the features of the place, while their living and eloquent beauty speaks so significantly on every side? It must be a sluggish sensibility that can find in all the influences that encompass us nothing congenial to the holy uses to which we now give up the spot. With diversity enough to satisfy the most varying tastes, it contains no nook that does not blend into the harmony of the whole. Open spaces to let in broad belts of sunshine for those that love to see its warm beams falling on the sod, and shaded dells with their "dim religious light," for such as find shadows in better keeping with their grief; gentle acclivities and graceful knolls; ledges that revive the old Hebrew blessing on "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" springs of water to typify the life-giving well of which Jesus spoke to the woman of Samaria; the lawn yonder that refreshes the eye with its moist greenness, while it carries the mind on to those greener meadows, beside still waters, where the Good Shepherd shall lead his accepted fold; all the variety of our New England forests; room for future improvements suited to the desires of individuals; beyond the upland, and screened from view, as is fitting, yet not far removed,—the great city, with the

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everlasting throb and roar of its waves of enterprise hushed by the intervening quiet; and round all,—visible from the elevations,—the sweep of mountains, exalting the spirit with their steadfast grandeur, and bringing spontaneously back the Psalmist's inspired verse: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people:" these are the outlines that form the symmetrical scenery of our "Field of Peace," our Mount of Hope.

No season of the changing year, but shall offer its soothing message, mingling the whispers of nature with the recollections of love. In summer, ten thousand leafy tongues breathe their prayer for the Creator's compassion, and the full glory of the blossoming year wins despondency itself to thanksgiving. Autumn winds have another voice not less needful, symbolizing our transient breath, and if the withered foliage that drops on the graves, or drifts between the stalks of the golden-rod and aster, is a monitor of our decay, so does the gorgeous pageant of the early frost hint a mysterious prophecy of a resurrection. Winter spreads a winding-sheet of its own; and by its sharp contrast of naked branches with the evergreens, still renews the type of the temporary trance and the eternal life. Even the heathen Virgil caught some faint intimation of a foretold future in the low-voiced pine, "Sybillans Pinus!" And in the morning of the year's resurrection, when the mourners come to plant spring-flowers in the softening earth, and to twine the clinging vines about the trellises or tree-trunks, so perpetuating their regrets by offices too tender to be refused, every swelling germ and bursting bud, and bird's lyric note overhead, will seem to aid the sublime assurance of the Apostle,—"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

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"We know when moons shall wane;
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea;
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grains;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?
Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath;
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons, for thine own, O Death!"

We think of the final partings that these trees and rocks shall witness; of the bitter tears that shall be rained on this upturned soil; of the passionate caresses before the coffin-lid is shut; of the trembling steps this ground shall feel; of the earnest prayers for stronger faith that will go up from broken hearts through all this air, in their flight to the mercy-seat; and we bless the Father of Christ anew for the religion of Him who wept at the grave of his friend, sanctioning our natural sorrow; for the faith that knows how to pray when all help but prayer is gone; for the consolation of that celestial beatitude, "Blessed are they that mourn!" And then, among the healing ministries that come to sustain the bereaved,—all too feeble perhaps to give back the former joy of life,—may not some quiet ray of Christian peace stream in, from the very name,—"Mount Hope,"—given to the sleeper's bed?

From this hour, Mount Hope Cemetery is thrown open to its noiseless occupants. In a voice all unlike the shrill cry of the sextons of the plague,—in the motherly tones of nature herself, loving all her children, and cherishing even their ashes,—it bids us "make room for the dead." It invites the weary, the suffering, the disconsolate, to come and sleep in its bosom.

And they will come. Already the slow processions have taken up their march towards this last encampment. How they lengthen down the coming years!

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From the eager jostle of interests and ambitions in yonder "anthill of a city;" from streets trodden by multitudes whose faces are stony with care; from homes agitated by all the fascinating tragedy of experience; from among diggers of gold, hunters of mirth and slaves of vice; from among saintly philanthropists, consistent worshippers, honorable workmen, faithful friends, upright, valiant souls,—one by one the bodies shall be taken up and borne out to these sequestered acres,—where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary rest. And behind them, the tide of life will still roll on undisturbed to its predestined end.

We set apart Mount Hope, therefore, to make it the tranquil, rural rest of departed bodies. We consecrate it to Death, and to Life; to the living who shall die,—to the dead who shall rise; to the sorrowful affections of survivors, and to the joyful expectations of the righteous, waiting their change without fear; to them that shall have fallen asleep, and to the unsleeping Spirit who watches,—watches through all stormy and tempestuous nights,—through bleak snows and torrid heats,—watches from that serene and immovable Throne whose foundations are justice and judgment,—watches, forevermore, our helpless frame, and remembereth our dust.

Christian Faith has swept away the phantom of that arbitrary Rhadamanthine court that, on the banks of the Sacred Lake, adjudged their places to the immortals. We have one God, ever our Father, impartial and merciful, loving righteousness, hating iniquity, who judgeth every soul, of quick and dead, by the Son whom he hath ordained. Unto Him, then,—from these habitations of dust,—from this verdant church of funereal praise,—from this seed-field of spiritual wisdom,—from this Mount of Hope,—be our thankful adoration, through Christ, the Resurrection and the Life!

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CHORAL BY THE BAND.

CHORAL— { Jesus meine Zuversicht! } —M. LUTHER.
{ "My Saviour my Confidence." }

PRAYER,

BY REV. NATHANIEL HALL, DORCHESTER.

GOD of Nature! Here, amidst thy beautiful works, would we worship thee. Here, where all things attest thy presence and thy love, would we feel thy presence and love within our souls. Here, as in a temple which thine own hands have builded,—thine arching sky above us, thy flowery earth beneath,—would we bend in the spirit of a true devotion.

God of Grace! who, by a clearer than Nature's testimony, hast assured us of thy love; who, by a tenderer than Nature's voices, hast invited us to thyself,—we come, in filial confidence and trust, and seek upon ourselves, and the purpose which has assembled us, thy paternal smile and benediction.

Framer of our bodies! Frail and mortal hast thou made them. Awhile they flourish, like these fair creations of summer, and then, like them, they decay and fall. And we have come to set apart another resting-place, where their dust may sleep; another garden of graves, where the mourners may come and lay their dead, mid Nature's whispered requiem, and come again and plant the flower and drop the tear above their rest. And now, O God, in thy invoked presence, would we consecrate this enclosure to the sacred uses of bereaved affection. We would consecrate it to those holy instincts of the heart, which lead us to care for and to honor the spirit's forsaken tenement, for that spirit's sake. We would consecrate it, in the name of the Eternal Father, and the risen Christ, and the Holy Comforter, to the great hope of immortality, to the sweet persuasions of religious faith, to the cheering anticipations of a restoring heaven. Now and henceforth forever would we thus devote it. Consecrate it, we pray

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thee, O Source of all holy influence, by thy overshadowing Presence, by thy hallowing Spirit! And as, one by one, these spaces shall be filled with their unconscious tenantry; as, one by one, the weeping trains shall enter, from desolated homes, these sylvan shades, O be that Presence felt, that Spirit found, by each sorrowing heart. May this place, O God, to all who seek it for its sacred ends, be full of Thee. May its fragrant breezes seem to syllable thy name,—each blossom to proclaim thy love! May each memorial-stone, while it tells of a human affection, point to the infinite Fountain whence it springs; while it tells of the destruction of mortal hopes, remind of that, which, based upon thy promises, is full of immortality.

God of our lives! How fleeting and short they are! How soon, for each of *us*, shall the grave be ready! How soon, here or elsewhere, shall these now breathing forms be laid in the unwaking sleep, and the places that know us shall know us no more forever! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" And yet, we bless thee, O God, not all is a shadow, not all is vanity, not all is perishable.

Father of our spirits! who hast given us in them, and in the good thou hast placed within their reach, a treasure over which Time and Death have no power,—priceless, eternal,—O help us, we pray, to live continually, devotedly, for them, and their imperishable objects. Help us to cherish and unfold within us all good affections and holy principles. Help us to live the true, the divine life. Help us to be faithful to thine inward teachings; faithful to every committed trust, every means of spiritual advancement, every opportunity of doing good; faithful even unto death;—that when that messenger shall come, we may hear in his summons a Father's voice, bidding us to our brighter home,—to scenes of higher service and holier joy, for which our faithfulness shall have prepared us.

Hear us, O Father; hear and accept us;—which we ask as disciples of Him "who liveth and was dead," and through whom thou hast given *us* the victory over sin and the grave. Amen.

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ODE,

BY EPES SARGENT, ESQ., BOSTON.

Not in this green retreat
  However beautiful, while Summer launches
  Her odors and soft airs through swaying branches;—
Though wild flowers court our feet,
  And though the wild birds capture
  The listening sense with their melodious rapture,—
Not here, not here, my friends,
  Let us believe the loved one shall repose,
Or that life's true receptacle descends
  To the dark mould, where sods above it close,
And the immortal with the mortal blends!
  Let not despair or sensual distrust
  Confound this mouldering dust
With the true person—with the inner form,
  Which gave the outward all it had of fair;—
Which is no kindred of the worm,
  No warrant for despair!
Not here, my soul, not for one moment here,
Sinks the pure life-spring of one generous tear;
    Of one heaven-aimed affection,
    One tender recollection,
  One deed of goodness in seclusion wrought,
  One lesson, or one thought!
As water rises to its fountain-head,
However low you lay its transient bed,
So must the spirit, from its earthward course,
Mount to the Deity, which is its source!

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We give the infant, who to walk is learning,
His leading-strings ;—corks to the doubtful swimmer ;
So are these bodies, for our brief sojourning,
Helps to us here, while schooled in being's primer.
For here, in God's stupendous seminary,
What various lore the thoughtful eye engages !
Morning and night—the seasons as they vary,—
Spread for our use illuminated pages.
If all were ours unearned, what need of action ?
If God no problem set for our unfolding,
Where were the joy, the power, the benefaction
Of toil, and faith, and prayer, our spirits moulding ?
Where were the innocence, without temptation ?
Where, without freedom, were the self-denial ?
Where were the goal, the triumph, the salvation,
Without the doubt, the danger, and the trial ?
And though to some the fairer lot be given,
Unstained, because untried, to enter Heaven,
O doubt not there is compensation ever
From Him, the just and unforgetting Giver !

If then the Saviour's promise and example
Be an assurance ample,
Let us not say, however fair the breast
Of the green hill-side, where the graves are made,—
" Here the beloved ones rest !
" Here in this forest shade !"
Distant,—and yet how near !—
Where kindred spirits kindred joys pursue,
In duties ever dear,
Surprises ever new,
They range from sphere to sphere
Through all the fresh delights of God's eternal year !

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Nor are their human ties forgotten quite ;
With the strong will to see friends left behind
Cometh a might
Swifter than light,
And they are here, though viewless as the wind ;
With privilege, at times, to interpose
Between us and our woes.

Since it is gain ineffable, to die
Unto the mortal eye,
What doth it matter to the spirit freed
If the decaying husk feed flower or weed ?
Then for the living be the grounds out-laid,
The eager soil arrayed !
Remote from cities and from habitations,
Here where the grateful trees and underwood
Convert corruption's noxious emanations,
Through Nature's wondrous alchemy, to good.
Not a Necropolis,—
Rather a garden this !
With sylvan alleys and enamelled banks
And pines in plume-tost ranks.
Here let the roses bloom !
Here let the wild bee come
To find the ground
Heaped with such flowery wealth as bee ne'er found !
But O, high-building Vanity ! forbear
To rear upon this spot th' o'ercostly pile !
Rather let living Want thy bounty share,
And trust thou unto watchful Nature's smile
To keep the turf above thy ashes bright,
In Spring's first verdure dight.
Then shall this be a Mount of Hope indeed,
Where not one doubtful title we shall read.

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SELECTED HYMN.

TUNE—MARION, FROM MOZART'S COLLECTION.

Behold the Western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

How beautiful on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed;
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

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To renew the charge, book must be brought to the desk.

TWO WEEK BOOK

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